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Search thine own heart! What paineth thee
In others in thyself may be;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;
Be thou the true man thou dost seek!

—Whittier.

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THE PACIFIC

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IS THE EAST REALLY IGNORANT OF THE WEST?

In a recent number of the New York Times there was an article with the caption, "Westerners in Khaki Don't Like Broadway." Quotation was made therein from remarks by soldiers from the West in a Y. M. C. A. hut at Camp Merritt, New Jersey. The boys made it evident that they had been "swept off their feet by the hospitality" of the people of New York and the surrounding country, but they didn't like "the place"—noe meaning Camp Merritt. The writer of the article tells us that sitting before the roaring wood fire in the Y. M. C. A. hut one zero day, making themselves comfortable in the brigade headquarters, the boys from the West were of one voice in their expression of complete satisfaction with camp life at Tenafly. There was no objection to camp or army. "They just don't like the East. And most of all, they are profoundly disappointed in New York. Some of them are impressed by one thing or another in the city. Some of them admit that they might possibly come to like it if they stayed long enough. A few of them add that they want to stop off for a week or so on their way home. But these concessions only temper the verdict of Western disapproval."

"Oh yes," said one, "of course we've had a fine time here, because the people are so good to us. But I tell you, when I get back from France I'm going to stay in New York City just exactly long enough to catch a train for Portland, Ore.! What have they got here that we haven't got in the West? Nothing! The only difference is that here everything's bigger. And I don't like it bigger. It's too big. In New York everything is on a large scale. But it isn't any better. And it's too hustling and independent. You feel as if every fellow was just fighting for himself all the time. I am disappointed in your city. I'd heard about Broadway all my life. I was crazy to see Broadway. I thought it was going to be a real street. Just look at it! Why Broadway isn't a street at all! You ought to see Market Street in 'Frisco. if you want to see a street. That's a real street, that is!"

As the talk went on one young fellow expressed the conviction that "the only trouble with the East is that they are so ignorant about the West."

Some of the remarks were made jocosely, of course; but there was withal a great deal of seriousness. One said: "I told someone the other day that I was from Oregon, and he asked, 'How large is your ranch?' I've lived in Portland all my life." "Oh, that's nothing," said another, "I told a girl I lived in Oregon, and she asked, 'Is that far from here?'" Somebody else told of somebody saying to another Oregon boy that he must know his uncle who lived in Oregon. "You probably remember him," said the eastern chap, "because he's got a wooden leg."

The jocose aside, this New York Times article has brought up once more the question frequently in mind in the past, Is the East ignorant of the West?

In the first number of The Pacific this year we quoted President Main of Iowa College as having said in Berkeley at the time of the semi-centennial of the Pacific School of Religion that he had long had an erroneous judgment of California—"a superficial opinion and not a judgment." And his remark at that time in Berkeley was: "My judgment now is that it is not the end of things, not even the beginning of things—it is the center of a world now in the making. . . . . It is a center—especially a potential center. It is a radiant promise of a dominating and renewing influence in the growing world. . . . California furnishes a magnificent setting in the completed circle of human advancement. . . . California faces the greatest opportunity and at the same time the greatest responsibility that has been given to any group of people since the march westward began!"

Joseph Cook, one of the master minds of the 19th century, said in his great lecture, "Ultimate America," that the 21st century would see here on the Pacific Coast the greatest city of the world.

In his latest book,—These Latter Days,—published a few months ago, Hubert Howe Bancroft, Pacific Coast historian, says:

"There are those, and not a few, who with me feel assured that in the somewhat distant future, there will be around the bay of San Francisco a World Center of Industry, involving centralized civilization, a world commercial clearing-house, a world city of highest culture, and in the nearer future a city as much larger than New York as New York is now larger than San Francisco. Nor are they schemers or dreamers drawing from a store of fantastic imagery who thus see and say; but men of sober thought and solid opinion based upon the logic of conditions and events, leaders of men in leading cities, as London, New York, and San Francisco."

In the main, however, there is not in the East that understanding of the West, that conception of its potentialities, that there should be. There must needs be a better understanding or serious blunders will be made with respect to a diversity of interests.

Sail Livingston to Marbois, as he arose after signing the treaty which gave to the United States "the Louisiana Country": "We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our lives. The treaty which we have just signed has not been obtained by art or force. Equally advantageous to the two contracting parties, it will change vast solitudes into flourishing districts. From this day the United States take their place among the forces of the first rank."

In the light of the years since the Louisiana Purchase was effected it will be wondered at that the wisdom of Thomas Jefferson in making it could be questioned. Nevertheless, there were many who held that it was unwise in that it gave us territory so extensive—far more they declared than we ever could govern. It was declared by the opponents of the Louisiana Purchase, which gave to the United States territory stretching away up to the Pacific Northwest, that it would split into two or more countries at no far distant day. It was declared also that there were being added thus people who were alien in every respect and could never be assimilated. Extremists went so far as to threaten dissolution of the Union because of this acquisition of territory.

When a few years later the questions relating to "the Oregon Country" were under consideration it was declared by many that the country beyond the Rocky Mountains was not worth saving to the United States. In 1825 Thomas H. Benton, one of the great statesmen of those early years, said: "The ridge of the Rocky Mountains may be named without offense as presenting a convenient natural and everlasting boundary. Along the back of this ridge the western limits of the Republic should be drawn and the statue of the fabled god Terminus should be raised upon its highest peak, never to be thrown down."

Nearly twenty years later a United States Senator quoted these words of Benton, on the floor of the Senate, with the comment that they were well said. And in 1845 it was declared by a lecturer in Boston: "Rather than have new states formed beyond the Rocky Mountains, to be added to our present Union, it would be a lesser evil, as far as that Union is concerned, if the unoccupied portion of the Oregon territory should sink into Symme's Hole, leaving the western base of those mountains and the border of the Pacific Ocean one and the same."

When William H. Seward, a man in varied ways in advance of the age in which he lived, with remarkable foresight and forethought brought Alaska into the possession of the United States, he was not only ridiculed but roundly abused. Long time that territory today so highly prized was referred to as "Seward's Folly," "America's Polar Bear Reserve," "The New National Refrigerator."

Today, it is with great satisfaction that the people of the United States say:

"The broad Pacific chafes our strand;
We hear the wide Atlantic roar!"

Nevertheless, as already stated, there must be a better understanding of the West by the East or great blunders will be made and grave injustice done.

The representative on the Pacific Coast of a great national society of one of the great denominations stated recently that he sat not long ago in an assembly in the East in which certain matters of vital importance to the churches all over the United States were being considered and heard not a word in any of the speeches made that indicated any consciousness in the minds of the speakers that there were any denominational interests beyond the Rocky Mountains that were worthy of much consideration. He was surprised; but it wouldn't have surprised him if he had been a resident of the East, he said. But he had been on the Coast for a few years, and so had been able to discern the potentialities and the needs. A few years before he might have made a speech similar to those to which he listened that day in astonishment.

" WHO IS JESUS CHRIST?"

Dean Charles R. Brown of Yale Asks and Answers the Question.

A few weeks ago three or four ministers were sitting together at lunch in San Francisco when one spoke of a little paper-covered book which he had read a few days before with much gratification and told of the help and inspiration that had come to two others to whom he had handed it for reading.

The book was by Dean Charles R. Brown of the Yale School of Religion. We have had it for several months but notice of it had, under pressure of work, been delayed. The contents of the little book were given as an address at the Northfield Student Conference.

Dr. Brown puts the question this way, "Who is Jesus Christ?" saying: "It is a question of present significance. What was Jesus Christ? Who was He? And not merely that; but, Who is He now? Is He merely a memory of a good man gone to his reward? Is He merely a disembodied spirit awaiting judgment at the hands of the Eternal? Can He enter into any kind of relations with the people here on earth as He did in Galilee? Can He sustain personal relationship with us such as he sustained with Peter and James and John? Is He in any real and personal sense Saviour and Lord?

Dr. Brown proceeds to state what he calls the lower view of Jesus Christ, and follows with what he calls the higher view.

First, he was a matchless teacher, and one whoes whole life matched his words. Further, he was a moral hero, ready to go to the cross, sealing his convictions with his own blood. "He was, moreover, one who manifested the divine character in some unusual measure, so that men found more of the divine in Him than in any other man."

In stating the higher view Dr. Brown says: "It regards Christ as one who was indeed the Son of Man, one who embodied in himself all that is essentially and eternally human, one who embodied in himself all the human excellencies, so that men might turn to Him to find those characteristics which reveal humanity at its best. He was the Son of Man, but more than that He was the Son of God—one who has for us all the religious value of God, one who so presented the divine character that He was the express image of God's person, one to whom men may look up in worship, one to whom men may pray, one who lives eternally, and is capable of entering into what might be called cosmic relations with the moral universe, one capable of entering into personal relations with you and me, as He did with Peter and James and John when He walked with them in the streets of Jerusalem and in the lanes of Galilee."

Dr. Brown says that he believes in the higher view; that he holds to it strongly; that he believes it to be a vital element in the Christian Gospel; that if we are to "preach Christ," we must preach that higher, fuller view of His person in order to make His Gospel effective. He goes on then to indicate his reasons for such a belief.

After giving these reasons as much in detail as they can be given in an address of approximately four thousand words, he sums up thus: "These are my three reasons for holding the higher view—because of the portrait given of Christ in the New Testament, both by His companions and by himself; because of the history of the Christian movement during the last nineteen hundred years; because the higher view is spiritually satisfying as the other view is not."

This book can be had at bookstores for fifteen cents; or from the Pilgrim Press, Boston, for that amount, plus two or three cents for postage.

No doubt there are many persons in California and other Pacific Coast states who will wish to read it.

WHERE WAS SYMMES' HOLE?

In an editorial in The Pacific this week there is mention of "Symmes' Hole." Where was Symmes' Hole? It is impossible to tell where it was. In fact there wasn't any such hole. John Cleves Symmes. who was born in New Jersey in 1780, and who was a soldier in the War of 1812, had a theory that the earth is hollow, habitable within, open at the poles for the admission of light, and containing within it half a dozen concentric hollow spheres, also open at their poles. First promulgating his theory in 1818, later he petitioned Congress to fit out an expedition to test the theory. Symmes died in 1829. He was

buried in what is now an old cemetery near Hamilton, Ohio. His theory died with him. Over his grave is to be seen, however, a short stone column surmounted by a globe with open poles.

CALIFORNIA MORALS.

An Editorial in The Pacific, April 22, 1853.

Although the reports which have gone abroad in relation to the moral condition of our State have been greatly exaggerated, overdrawn, and highly colored, we have always felt that there was too much foundation for statements so readily caught at, and published abroad to the detriment of the fair fame and good repute of California. The growth of our State has been so rapid, and so extraordinary has been its premature development in all its various features, that its overgrown infancy has everywhere been judged by the standard applied to communities of slow growth and mature age. A moral and physical problem never before witnessed in the annals of the world has been wrought out on the shores of the Pacific. Civilization was astonished at the springing into full life and vigor on these shores, of a mighty State—the sudden appearance of a great Commonwealth, whose extraordinary developments were a puzzle to the statesmen and philosophers of other lands, unable to keep pace with the rapid strides it was making. Spurning the leading strings, and rules applicable to ordinary infancy, this sudden development was to the casuist and speculator upon moral and physical phenomena, a puzzle which defied all efforts at solution. It was without parallel as it was without example.

A variety of elements, often conflicting in their nature, drawn together by the magnetic power of gold—the attractive properties of which have been acknowledged in every clime—could not do otherwise than form a conglomerated mass, presenting an anomalous spectacle to the eyes of an astonished world. Old associations—ties of home and kindred—and those influences which cluster around them, had been broken up in the rush of the representatives of the whole family of man to these shores. What required, in older and more gradually developed communities, years to accomplish and bring about, was here the growth of a day.—Spurning that territorial pupilage, in which her elder sisters had been schooled, California at once knocked at the door of the National Congress for admission into the Union as a State. Old political dreamers, habituated to the ordinary routine of affairs, were astonished at this apparent boldness, and after some delay and much heated discussion, She was admitted with no dark blot upon her escutcheon.

While her physical development has astonished the world, the greatest drawback to California has been compassed in the accounts that have gone abroad in relation to the moral and social condition of the masses composing her population. Notwithstanding, these, as we have before stated have invariably been exaggerated, overdrawn and distorted; but it is not our purpose to discuss the matter further here. Every friend of our State, and of her best interests and prosperity, must have witnessed with pride and pleasure the steady improvement which has taken place in the moral tone of our affairs. That there is room for improvement still, and in the nature of affairs, doubtless will be, there can be no doubt, but all who have the welfare of the community at heart, must witness with feelings of gratification the decided advances which have been made and are still making to aid the cause of morality, and elevate the tone of society throughout the State. Petitions and remonstrances without number, having for their object the rooting out and extirpation of vice and immorality, have poured in upon the Legislature from every part of California, and there is a cheering prospect of their being effective in bringing about great good. Let our law makers heed the voice of the people as thus fully and fairly expressed by their constituents, and they will rid the community of great evil, and leave an example in legislation in the highest degree creditable to themselves. Let no man shrink from the responsibility resting upon him to check the progress of evil. If he falter in the right, the rebuke of an indignant people awaits him.

"GOOD THOUGHTS IN BAD TIMES."

Joseph Fort Newton, Pastor of City Temple, London.

During the critical days of the English Civil War in 1645, Thomas Fuller wrote a book entitled "Good Thoughts in Bad Times," and that might well be the title of First Thessalonians. Those to whom it was written were in bad times, owing to the persecution under Nero, and St. Paul feared lest their faith might falter. They were one of many little groups, or centers of light, which he had gathered along his path through the Roman Empire, nearly always in the poorer parts of great cities—heroic outposts of a mighty faith. With true pastoral instinct he carried in his heart "the care of all the churches," and his one concern now was that they should not become bitter and cynical under trial, giving way to the idea, which haunts us always, that, since, loyalty to a high cause leads to suffering, the world is a senseless, haphazard thing, with no wise and loving hand at the helm.

Indeed, bad news had reached the Apostle to the effect that his friends had actually begun to falter, and he had sent Timothy, his son and fellow-worker in the Gospel, to comfort them concerning their faith. Timothy returned with a better report, but the wise old teacher was not satisfied, knowing how much was lacking in their faith; and so he wrote this letter, which for its delicacy of courtesy, for what it says and for what it only suggests, is a model of method in a difficult ministry.

With the details of its method we have not to do, except to say that such a blend of fineness of feeling and plainness of speech was made possible by the atmosphere of sympathy and yearning solicitude that breathed through it. He felt that if he could see his friends, grasp their hands, and speak to them face to face he could rally their faith and reform the wavering line against the terrible foe. But since that was not possible, he could only send a letter in which plain words were wrapped up in praise and prayer and longing.

Men Can Bear Much While Faith Holds.

, St. Paul knew, what so many are now discovering, that there is no sorrow keener, no bereavement more appalling, than the loss of faith. Men can bear much—anything, perhaps—if their faith holds, but when that goes, the way becomes dim, ending in a set grey life—critical, bitter and defiant. Hence the desire of St. Paul to comfort his little flock concerning their faith; and by comfort he meant much more than to sooth, to quiet, to ease, albeit that is at times a very gracious ministry. Unfortunately, the finer, firmer meaning of the word comfort has been well-nigh lost in the idea of consoling, whereas the root idea of the word is strength. To comfort in the true sense, rs to make another strong with our strength; to share our strength with him, because at the moment he has less than he needs and we have more than the occasion requires.

Turning his thoughts away from his sorrow, reminding him that he is not alone in his grief, and recalling the

memory of happier days agone or the hope of happy days to come—surely this is a benign ministry. But we must return to the deeper meaning of comfort, at a time when it is so much needed, if so that we may learn to give somewhat of ourselves to those smitten and afflicted.

There is no need to recall the shadow of dismay that fell over us at the outbreak of the war, when so many hopes and dreams seemed to fall into red ruin, and our most precious memories lost their joy and became like an incessant throb of pain. We said, with aching heart, that we could never live for the old past nor look to the same future as before, bereft of so many bright expectancies. The very sources and springs of life seemed to close, and only a grim endurance o a great disillusionment was left to us. Since then blow has followed blow and sorrow has been added to sorrow until even the bravest men stagger under the weight of woe. Yet in some strange way, when we have drawn the shades to brood in the darkness, a holy light has burst in like a divine surprise.

Truly, we have been partakers of "the sacrament of misery," but we have also discovered anew the secret that is held in the depth of the strange human heart; the secret that through all this inconceivable pain, these heaped-up deaths, and these sore sacrifices, men may find God, feel God, and love God. But the faith of many has been shaken, if not destroyed, and my wish is "to comfort you concerning your faith" with good thoughts in bad times.

"The Best of All Good Thoughts."

Always the best of all good thoughts is the thought of God, because it determines what we think about everything else—about life, and man, and death, and the beyond. No matter how far we go back into the past we find that God is thought of in terms of the highest interest, the noblest ideal and the holiest value of mankind. In earliest times sky, sun, earth, river, animals, trees, grains were deified, because they fed, sheltered and blessed man. To the warrior he was the Lord of Hosts; to the herdsman on the hills, the Good Shepherd. Later, when the home had become a holy place, God was the Father, gentle, compassionate, and full of pity. Still later to the thinker he was the immanent Mind, and to the saint the Beauty of Holiness.

Always man is revising his thought of God, subtracting what is unworthy and outworn, and adding the mtos prewhat is unworth and outworn, and adding the most precious reality he has won from the mystery of the world; same yesterday, today, and forever," but the thought of him changes, deepens, and unfolds with the ages.

Much ado was made in the City Temple some years ago about a new theology, as if theology ought not to be new every year, every day, as life unfolds! Man can no more stand still in theology than he can in industry or science. Indeed, if God is not a fresh discovery to us, a perennial surprise, an inexhaustible wonder, he is not God to us at all —he is merely a name, a theory, a shadow. That Moses found God in the burning bush is an interesting allegory of a profound experience, but it is of little value to us if it does not help us to that holy moment when the Divine fire blazes anew upon the altar of our own hearts. Each age, like each individual, must find God for itself; and it finds him in its most glowing vision, its most vivid interest, its hunger, its thirst, the gropng quest and stammerng cry of its intensest need.

Wonderful it is to watch the changing approach to God today, when the hearts of men are deeply stirred and their need is so wistfully urgent and tender. Unless all tokens fail, out of the trial and bloody sweat of today will rise a conception of God which, in depth and grandeur and wonder, will give a new date to the history of faith. It will be a vision of "the God of things as they are," but it will include things as they are in the tramp of marching armies, in crowded tenements, in factory, forum, and farm as well as in the poetry of morning and eventide. Not yet can it be defined, much less formulated, but we are on the eve of a disclosure of God which shall cast a white light over this vast tragedy!

Someone has said that nothing is permanently interesting but God, as we may learn even from the literature of denial, and next to God is man. Both for good and ill, the war has brought us an apocalypse of man, rendering many old dogmas obsolete and opening long vistas of hope.

"Our Sons Have Shown Us God."

Four years ago our lads seemed not only exuberant, athirst for happiness, eager for some bright share in the abundant world—as they should be—but often wild to the point of carelessness. Then suddenly came the great peril, the great need, the great call, and they stood erect, still gay, but also dauntless; and by their heroism they have shown us a white splendor which many thought belonged to the ages of poetry and romance. Their words of parting, their letters home, their calmness in death, and their fortitude in martyrdom help the better to know that other Young Man in whom the life of God shone with such beauty and gentle power.

No wonder it has been said that "Our Sons have shown us God," and, if we have eyes to see, the lives of our lads will help us to know the life of Jesus, the one interpreting the other. Here is a hint of how we may win from our woe that faith which alone can heal the awful inner casualties of the war, which, God knows, are so many and so sad.

How often that other Young Man is in our thoughts today, on the red field, in the house of pain, in the home, everywhere; that strange Young Man who moved through his swift and gentle years to the Cross—and beyond. Somehow the thought of him steals into our minds half unawares, as if he had something to tell us which we have forgotten—if we ever knew it—of how God communes with man through sorrow; that in all our affliction he is afflicted; and that his purpose is fulfilled not by some process apart from the blundering and clashing wills of men, but in and through these human conflicts.

Also, there is a deepening feeling among us that if we let him have his way with our hearts he will turn the strategy of the war, its generalship, and its heroic comradship to the making of a nobler, wiser, more merciful social order At least, our new sense of solidarity and our rediscovered capacity for sacrifice are prophetic of what may be, must be, shall be, when the industry and innsight employed in searching nature are touched by this spirit and devoted to the highest ends. Such hopes we dare to hold in spite of the darkness, taught by that Young Man on the Cross, to whom our hearts have been led by a new love and longing.

Gates of Heaven Wider Open.

"I have fallen in with love with humanity!" cries a novelist who once assumed the cynic pose and thought it deeply wise, if not darkly witty. How much better than to lose our faith, lest our hearts grow bitter, hard and full of rancor, and thereby suffer the saddest of all defeats! How could he help falling in love with humanity, in face of its anonymous heroism, its unrecorded goodness, its willingness to give all for the right, its readiness to die for those yet unborn! What wonder that life has come to be a different thing to us, deeper in its worth and meaning here, diviner in its promise hereafter! By the same token as we have come to think more nobly of God, and more

kindly of man, many of the old dogmas about which men were once talkative have fallen by the way. One such was the dogma of eternal hell, which dared to pass sentence upon the souls of men, dooming them to a fate unspeakable; a dogma, the most terrible ever taught in times not barbaric! Let us be grateful that it has gone to limbo, never to return. Origen was right; life is "school of souls," and the process of Divine education does not end at the grave, shutting out all hope. At any rate, the gates of Heaven are wider open today than ever they have been before, and they will never be closed again.

Nay, more; those gates are thronged with a host no man can number of our bravest and best, and they took our hearts with them when they went away! Today the truth of immortality is not only a necessity, but a reality. As we are witnessing the unfolding of a profounder conception of God, just so we may be in the dim dawn of new and happy unveilings of "the beyond-life," of which those who are seeking, listening, and groping may be the forerunners Years ago, when a lad, I read a book entitled "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," by Robert Dale Owen, and since then I have kept an open mind in regard to this matter, willing to listen, ready to learn. Utterly convinced of the continuity of life here and there, and thinking more of quality than of quantity, of depth than of duration, I am not curious as to the conditions of the after life. Still, I welcome every ray of light that falls upon our human way in this dimly lighted world, and am read to follow where it leads. So far the facts disclosed have brought me no larger vision, no deeper revelation, no finer inspiration; but the end is not yet.

What of Spiritualism?

Even as matters now stand, and apart from all debated facts, the work of Sir Oliver Lodge and others—among them, sweet Patience Worth—has a very real value in a way not often taken into account. By way of proofs? perhaps not. Intimations? Yes; but also in another way not to be overlooked. Nearly all of us grew up with a definite picture in our minds of a city with streets of gold and gates of pearl, but that picture has faded. Time has emptied it of actuality. Since then the walls of the universe have been pushed back into infinity, and the old scenery of faith has grown dim and unreal. Admit that the imagery was incongruous, it did help the imagination upon which both faith and hope lean more heavily than we think. Now that the old scene has vanished, the unseen world is for many only a bare, blank infinity, soundless and colorless.

These new seekers after truth have helped to humanize it once more, touching it with light and color and laughter; and that is a real service to the soul, doubly so now, when so many are yearning to make real to their hearts the land whither their loved ones have gone.

For the rest, let us put forth a hand in the dark and lay hold of him who first laid hold of us, and whose love will never let us go. Here is the truth that meant so much to Maurice, and it will mean everything to us if we lay it to heart, rest upon it, and trust it unto the uttermost. The ancients called time death. Therein they were wise: it slays so much. What though it seems to slay us utterly, yet, like Job, must we trust him who brought us to where we are, confident that he will lead us to where we ought to be. Therefore, let us comfort one another in faith, opening our hearts to him to know whom is life eternal, life abundant, life that flowers into fruition, and find in its deep, creative, redeeming love the best thought for a bad time.

"Today our hearts like organ keys
One Master's touch are feeling,
The branches of a common vine
Have only leaves of healing."

THE CAUSES OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.

As Revealed in a Psychological Survey of the Wards of the State of California in the Whittier State School for Boys.

E. Guy Talbott, Executive Secretary, California State Church Federation.

A careful psychological study has been made duruing the past two years of the wards of the State of California in the State School for Boys at Whittier, California. These investigations were made under the direction of Dr. Lewis M. Terman of Leland Stanford University, represented at Whittier State School by Mr. J. Harold Williams. Chief stress was laid upon efforts to ascertain the causes of juvenile delinquency in every case entering the school.

This psychological survey was in keeping with the new spirit in California's penal and reformatory institutions, due to the changes inaugurated by Governor Johnson. The use of rigorous discipline, including the strap, the "Oregon iron boot," and the dungeon, have been discontinued. The boys largely administer their own discipline and punishment and the aim of the officers is not punishment and revenge but reformation and character building.

In this connection, the psychological report states: "Excepting, perhaps, the need of better provision for State care of feeble-minded persons, this study has revealed no greater necessity than that of a State Parental Home for dependent children. The fact that it is better to provide supervision for homeless boys and girls while young, rather than to center our efforts upon 'reforming' them after they have yielded to temptations, deserves greater attention than has been given to the matter in the past.

The psychological investigation covered 150 boys, divided according to the revised Binet test aproximately as follows: definitely feeble minded, 28 per cent; Borderline group, 25 per cent; the "dull normal" group, 22 per cent; average or superior intelligence, 25 per cent. In the ordinary school, 75 per cent of the children are in the last class, and 25 per cent divided among the first three classes.

Causes of Commitment.

In almost every instance the boy was committed because of some felony or misdemeanor. The records show the causes of committment of the 150 boys under investigation as follows:

Staling, 49; Burglary, 35; Truancy, 12; Incorrigibility, 9; Sexual offenses, 9; Dependency, 7; Larceny, 7 Highway Robbery, 5 Forgery, 5; Arson, 2; Assault, 2; Vagrancy, 2; Murder, 1.

Those in the first and second groups are about equally divided between the four mental types. The Morons predominate in 3, 5, 6, 10 and 11. The bordeline types predominate in groups 1, 4, and 13; the dull-normal in groups 7 and 8; the two in group 12 were both normal.

It was discovered that of 126 boys who should have reached the 8th grade in school, only 18 had succeeded in doing so, and that 50 per cent had been in school less than six years, not including absences due to truancy or other causes.

By racial distinction, the 150 boys were divided as follows: White, 96 boys or 64 per cent; Mexican, 31 boys or 21 per cent; Negro, 22 boys, or 15 per cent;. The United States Census reports of 1911 for California show the following percentages for the general population of the State: White, 92.6 per cent, Mexican, 6.5 per cent, Negro, 0.9 per cent.

Regarding nativity of the boys, the following facts were discovered:

Native born of Native parents, 59.5 per cent; Native born with one or more parents foreign born, 32.0 per cent; Foreign born, 8.5 per cent.

The general statistics for California's population shows

for the above classes, 51.4 per cent, 26.8 per cent, and 21.8 per cent respectively.

Concerning feeble-mindedness as a cause of delinquency the report states: "This percentage of feeble-mindedness (28 per cent), which may be taken as a minimum figure, becomes very significant when we remember that the proportion of feeble-mindedness among the general population is probably not above 1 per cent. In other words, mental deficiency is about 25 or 30 times as common among the delinquent boys of California as the laws of chance would lead us to expect. This cannot be accidental. The conclusion is inevitable that feeble-mindedness enormously favors delinquency."

IMPRESSIONS OF A WOMAN VISITOR TO CAMP KEARNY.

The heroic deeds of the men in the trenches, of the aviators over the trenches, of the men away from the trenches who are laying out the work of the world war are reported with a lack of detail that is proverbial.

This same lack of detail applies to the work of the Y. M. C. A. both in France and America. Our secretaries busy from 6:30 in the morning until ten at night, have not time to talk of their work. And in the camps they don't have to, thousands of men in khaki are doing it for them. For never has any religious and philanthropic work received the appreciation and co-operation and boosting of the men it has striven to reach as has this work of the Y. M. C. A., which has been on the job to give a bit of home, of school of church, to the men of practically the first troops to reach the camps.

The religious speakers loaned by the greatest churches of the country to give their best message to the men who have given their lives a signed blank check to Uncle Sam, have no time to write of the details of the work. They are speaking at two or three Y. M. C. A. huts a night; speaking to hundreds or thousands (depending upon the capacity of the building) to men who are "going to be slapped hard against life's realities," men who are ready to hear and grip the big vital truths of God. These ministers are returning to their churches for just long enough to tell them of the bigness of the work and to ask for an extension of the loan of their services. Some of them, gripped with the work as they never have been gripped in their lives before, have resigned from their churches to give all their time to the work of the Y. M. C. A. for the duration of the war.

The singers and artists of world repute, who are entertaining the men in uniform, after or between the public engagements (some even cancelling them to do so) have no time in which to describe the details of the Y. M. C. A. work.

How, then, are we to get a vivid picture of this perhaps greatest of war work? The easiest way is to accept the challenge of the camps which, expressed in Biblical language, is, "Come and see."

May I describe what I saw during an evening recently spent at Camp Kearny? With some friends I was dining at the Hostess House, the one home spot in this tent city of coming and going thirty-five thousand khaki clad men. Huge logs were burning in the open fire place. At a table near us was Major General Strong, the man who is doing such big things at Camp Kearny, and who is not too big or too busy to do the little things that are winning the hearts of his men.

Around us were tables mostly filled with men, some in Y. M. C. A. uniforms, but most of them in khaki, enjoying the home cooking and home atmosphere as only soldiers can.

After dinner some noted singers were to sing. I wanted to remain. Later at the Knights of Columbus building there were to be some renowned speakers and a famous orchestra. I wanted to be there. At each of the five Y. M. C. A. huts programs had been scheduled several of which I wanted much to hear. But my plans had been laid out for me ahead.

Before dinner I had reported at the Y. M. C. A. Administration building, the busiest spot at Camp Kearny, where all the work of the camp Y. M. C. A. is laid out weeks ahead, and where all speakers and entertainers are booked. I was told I was to speak at Y's. one and two and that my subject, "Battle Flags of God," had been placarded on the buildings.

It's a new, a big experience for any speaker when for the first time he speaks in a packed Y. M. C. A. hut, and stands face to face with hundreds of young, red-blooded, khaki-clad men—men from all walks of life, many of them unchurched men, to whom denominationalism and ecclesiastical phrases mean little or nothing, but who are willing and eager for the great truths of life and of God if put across in a straight forward way. Men who are willing to laugh and think and feel with you, and when you have finished do not hesitate to let you know by their applause and cheers that they like you and your message.

All this to a man used to speaking to audiences of men is a big splendid experience, but to a woman, accustomed to speaking to the conventional audiences of men and women, it is an experience not soon to be forgotten, and for which I humbly thanked God.

Each audience of uniformed men presents its own differences, its own peculiar interests. But whether I am speaking to the California Grizzlies or the Colorado Infantry, to the U. S. Cavalry or Coast Artillery, to the soldiers in Khaki or the sailors in blue, speaking in Y. M. C. A. huts or tents or in the open air, I am always greeted with the same soldier spirit and receive the same enthusiastic response. It is the way of the camps, the custom of their men.

Listening to Roy H. Campbell.

It was at Fort Rosecrans that my wish of Camp Kearny, to be in the audience of a camp Y. M. C. A., was granted. Mr. Roy Campbell, Associate Camp Secretary, San Diego, was the speaker. Mr. Campbell, with his uniform and non-ministerial ways, is a great favorite with the men. As a religious speaker he grips men as I have seldom seen men gripped. That tent, packed with U. S. Artillery men, leaning forward to catch every word as it fell from the lips of this young, strong, sincere speaker, presented a scene not soon to be forgotten. Mr. Campbell spoke rapidly for less than fifteen minutes, with short words, vivid illustrations, and lots of meat, on the text Simon, he surnamed Peter. These talks that Mr. Campbell gives and the Bible study programs he is putting through in the five Association points, dealing with ten thousand men, at Camp San Diego, are doing much to make the Bible become to these fighting men of Uncle Sam's a real book, which fits into their lives, into their problems. Mr. Campbell is also one of the secretaries who has resolved to wear his Y. M. C. A. uniform for the duration of the war.

MARIAN C. MUNDY.

We have to work out our salvation, but the work is mainly to be done by the unseen exertion of the invisible soul. It is when sins of thought and feeling are indulged that they grow into sins of life and conduct; and, after all, our great sins—the main things we have to confess and seek pardon for—are sins of thought and feeling rather than of life and conduct.—John F. W. Ware.

THE MYSTIC TRUMPETER.

Written by Walt Whitman in 1872.

Hark! Some wild trumpeter—some strange musician,
Hovering unseen in air, vibrates capricious tunes tonight.

I hear thee, trumpeter—listening, alert, I catch thy notes,
Now pouring, whirling like a tempest round me,
Now low, subdued, now in the distance lost.

Come nearer, bodiless one—haply, in thee resounds
Some dead composer—haply thy pensive life
Was fill'd with aspirations high—unform'd ideals,
Waves, oceans musical, chaotically surging,
That now, ecstatic ghost, close to me bending, thy cornet
echoing, pealing,
Gives out to no ears but mine, but freely gives to mine,
That I may thee translate.

Blow, trumpeter, free and clear—I follow thee,
While at thy liquid prelude, glad, serene,
The fretting world, the streets, the noisy hours of day,
withdraw;
A holy calm descends, like dew, upon me,
I walk, in cool refreshing night, the walks of Paradise,
I scent the grass, the most air, and the roses;
Thy song expands my numb'd, imbonded spirit—thou freest,
launchest me,
Floating and basking upon Heaven's lake.

Blow again, trumpeter! and for my sensuous eyes
Bring the old pageants—show the feudal world.

What charms thy music works!—thou makest pass before
me
Ladies and cavaliers long dead—barons are in their castle
hall, the troubadours are singing;
Arm'd knights go forth to redress wrongs, some in quest
of the Holy Grail:
I see the tournament—I see the contestants encased in
heavy armor, seated on stately champing horses;
I hear the shouts—the sounds of blows and smiting steel;
I see the Crusaders' tumultuous armies. Hark, how the
cymbals clang!
Lo! where the monks walk in advance, bearing the cross
on high!

Blow again, trumpeter! and for thy theme
Take now the enclosing theme of all—the solvent and the
setting;
Love—that is pulse of all, the sustenance and the setting;
The heart of man and woman—all for love;
No other theme but love, knitting, enclosing, all-diffusing
love.
O, how the immortal phantoms crowd around me!
I see the vast alembic ever working; I see and know the
flames that heat the world;
The glow, the blush, the beating hearts of lovers;
So blissful happy, some; and some so silent, dark and nigh
to death:
Love, that is all the earth to lovers; Love, that mocks time
and space;
Love, that is day and night; Love, that is sun and moon
and stars;
Love, that is crimson, sumptuous, sick with perfume;
No other words, but words of love, no other thought but
Love.

Blow again, trumpeter—conjure war's wild alarums.
Swift to thy spell, a shuddering hum like distant thunder
rolls;
Lo! where the arm'd men hasten—Lo! mid the clouds of
dust, the glint of bayonets,
I see the grim-faced connoneers; I mark the rosy flash amid
the smoke; I hear the cracking of the guns;
Nor war alone! thy fearful music-song, wild player, brings
every sight of fear:
The deeds of ruthless brigands, rapine, murder; I hear the
cries for help!
I see ships foundering at sea! I behold on deck and below
deck the terrible tableaux!

O trumpeter! methinks I am myself the instrument thou
playest!
Thou melt'st my heart, my brain—thou movest, drawest,
changest them at will!
And now thy sullen notes send darkness through me!
Thou takest away all cheering light—all hope:
I see the enslaved, the overthrown, the hurt, the opprest
of the whole earth;
I feel the measureless shame and humiliation of my race;
it becomes all mine;
Mine, too, the revenges of humanity—the wrongs of ages,
baffled feuds and hatreds.
Utter defeat upon me weighs—all lost! the foe victorious!
Yet mid the ruins Pride colossal stands, unshaken to the
last;
Endurance, resolution, to the last!

Now, trumpeter, for thy close
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet;
Sing to my soul, renew its languishing faith and hope;
Rouse up my slow belief; give me some vision of the future;
Give me for once its prophecy and joy.

O glad, exulting, culminating song!
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes!
Marches of victory, man disenthralled, the conqueror at
last!
Hymns to the universal God, from Universal Man; all joy!
A reborn race appears—a perfect World, all joy!
Women and men, in wisdom, innocence and health—all
joy!
Riotous, laughing bacchanals, fill'd with joy!
War, sorrow, suffering gone—the rank earth purged; noth-
ing but joy left!
The ocean fill'd with joy—the atmosphere all joy!
Joy! Joy!—in freedom, worship, love!
Joy in the ecstasy of life!
Enough merely to be! Enough to breathe!
Joy! Joy! all over Joy!

STRESSING CONGREGATIONALISM.

By "The Fragmentarian."

The time is inopportune. If we were going to do such a thing as this we ought to have started fifty years ago. "We are developing a denominational consciousness" says one of our wiseheads. "Too late, too late," says the Fragmentarian. Lucky for us is it that we did not start in on this development in the earlier days, else we would be in as much need of reforming and broadening out as are some of our sisters in the ecclesiastical group. Starting so late in the world-history, we shall never accomplish much. We are destined to failure. We shall rejoice at our failure, too, when we get our eyes open.

This is not the day for stressing anything but religion. Every other thing is not only of no account, but actually a nuisance in the religious economy. A priest-member of one of the Church of England's religious communities, and who ought by rights to be the most "churchy of the churchy" has been out on the West front, and thus he expressed himself with considerable emphasis: "The longer I am out here, the more I care for Christianity and the less I care for the Church of England." That man is getting religion. If we all of us could hasten that kind of getting, it would mean immensely for Christ, and eventually for Christ's church, though not for any special denomination to which we might belong.

Recently the president of the Board of Trade of one of our California cities, himself a good Congregationalist, remarked that he did not take much stock in this big talk about Congregationalism. He was in the Congregational church because it was not inclined to do that kind of thing. His remarks found a warm echo in the hearts of many of his hearers.

A newspaper published the other day an item to the effect that one national conference was launching a movement to raise (it matters not how many million) dollars "to spread Methodism throughout the United States," If I were a Methodist I would be ashamed of that item, if not true, and of the effort, if true. It is about time that we all quit raising money for the spread of any Ism through-

out the United States or any other part of God's world. We should studiously cultivate a lack of zeal for any kind of 'anity' except Christianity. Would it not be well for us to forget that we are Congregationalists, and remember only that we are followers of Jesus Christ, who was neither a Methodist, nor a Congregationalist, or any thing else except the First Christian.

IN THE WOODS.

E. Clarence Oakley.

I find peace in the gentle wood,
I find calm under quiet leaves,
Where the golden light of the westing sun
Gilds trunk and boughs and grassless ground,
And the waters trickle like fairy bells;
Where the stir of birds and the squirrel's play
Woo and cheer and comfort me.

I find peace in the gentle wood
As I wander alone amid the trees,
Or sit by the stream, or lie full-length
Under some glimpse of the upper blue;
And dream and dream—in listless mood—
Fast held by the charm of the quiet grove.

I find peace in the gentle wood:
Under the spell of its quietness
The world seems away and heaven is near;
The strife and burden of the restless day
Are gone, are forgotten forevermore;
And my soul drinks in this peace like wine,
And life is all good and my heart content.

A COMMUNICATION FROM CANADA CONCERNING DR. HORTON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

To the Rev. Dr. W. W. Ferrier,
Berkeley, Cal.

My dear Brother,

I have just finished reading Dr. R. F. Morton's "Autobiography." His tender, comforting and illuminating words have helped and inspired me, and so I pick out a few for the readers of The Pacific:

On Divine Guidance: Dr. Horton writes: "I have never had reason to doubt that I was led by the Unseen Hand. . . ." (p. 118) "On looking back I am increasingly impressed with the conviction that a life committed absolutely to God is led by a way that it knows not, a way that proves to be His."

On friendship: "That marvellous way in which God brings about us friends in the hour of need, and puts into their mouth just the words of inspiration wanted is to me one of the clearest proofs of His existence and evidences of His character."

On prayer: "My own irrefragable argument for the reality and power of prayer lies in what prayer has accomplished at Lyndhurst Road. That week of prayer annually, and that hour of prayer weekly, to one who sees the course of things extended over many years, furnish the explanation of all that has been accomplished. I suppose Lyndhurst Road has given £50,000 ($250,000) to the London Missionary Society, and has sent out about thirty missionaries. It is, I believe, the response to the direct guidance of God in this matter that has given vitality to our work." . . . "The habit of asking God, and depending on His guidance and help in the most ordinary circumstances grew upon me. It was by finding the answers in daily details that I gradually learned to depend on prayer for the larger issues. . . . I have unmistakable evidence of the truth, so often verified in the important duties and difficulties of life: God is at hand, and hears, and answers"; (p. 350) "Let me record my own conviction that the long prosperity of this church has been due to these two things: first, that we have made the missionary claim the foremost responsibility of the church; and second, that a prayer-meeting every Saturday night prepares us for the worship and work of the Sunday."

On bereavement: The blow was terrible in its suddenness. . . . I went right on with my work feeling that I should dishonor her if I let my sorrow, which I knew must be lifelong, hinder me in the service of her Saviour and the preaching of his Gospel. . . . Nothing in retrospect seems more marvellous than God's mercy to those whose hearts seem broken. The loss—which at first seemed to shatter my life . . . has resulted in giving me a sense of communion with the Unseen World, a confidence in the Eternal life which has not only blessed me, but also enabled me to succor others in the dread time of bereavement."

On Life's Experiences: I find that no joy is allowed to last long without some balancing of pain or loss; but that no trouble ever comes which is not accompanied with certain compensations. As the outcome of the long and crowded years I have learned, as age comes on, to believe implicitly in God's goodness, whether joy or sorrow be the experience of the moment. The blow which had shattered my life revealed shoots of joy among the ruins and the exceeding goodness of God produced an everdeepening conviction that our beloved who leave us are not taken from us, but mingle with our lives and wait for us in the spiritual world to offer us a welcome which will overwhelm us with joy. For this Christ came, to take away the fear of death and the agony of loss."

Dr. Horton on the United States: "Each visit I make raises my admiration of the great Republic higher, and fills me with larger hopes of its destiny."

Very cordially yours,

W. J. THOMPSON.

The Parsonage, 150 Nelson St., Brantford, Ontario, Canada.

A FEW WORDS FROM THE REV. GEORGE H. DEKAY CONCERNING THE REV. ROY H. CAMPBELL'S WORK.

Editor Pacific: May I say a few words concerning the resignation of Rev. Roy Campbell from Calvary Church? When Mr. Campbell went to San Diego in August it was on six months' leave from his pulpit, to take the charge of religious work in three camps in and about that city. With his customary energy he took up the work and to such good results as led to his appointment as Religious Director over five camps on October 1st with three associates in religious work.

On November 1st he was given the supervision of the entire religious, educational, and social work of these five camps: Balboa Park Naval Training Station, where 4000 boys are in training; the Army Association for 21st Infantry at the Exposition grounds; the great aviation camp at North Island; Fort Rosecrans at Point Loma; and Camp Hearn at Imperial Beach near the Mexican border.

In all twenty-three secretaries are at work in these five camps, and everyone of them will tell you that "Campbell can't leave this work now."

I have visited twelve camps between San Francisco and New Orleans recently, and in none other did I find the religious work, especially the plan for Bible study among the men in service, quite so well set up. In every one of the five camps under Mr. Campbell's care religious meetings are

held every Sunday night, and on one week night, and always the attendance is good. Mr. Campbell speaks once a week at each place, and the men have learned to look forward to these meetings because of the natural, straightforward, and manly way in which he "puts it over" as they say. From personal conversations with him I am sure he does not in the least minimize the importance of the work at Calvary Church, but he (rightly, I think) feels that his opportunity in the direction of such a work as he now has, and in his personal touch upon the lives of so many men, is such that he cannot leave it at present. Perhaps these few words may help reconcile some of his friends in Oakland to their disappointment in losing him.

I found two other Congregational ministers at San Diego and Camp Kearny, who had just written their resignations to the churches for similar reasons; another told me he "was never so happy in his work in his life"; and another said, "You couldn't drive me back into a pulpit while this work lasts." A prominent Episcopalian minister just leaving for France, after three months at Camp Kearny, said in a farewell meeting he "thanked God for letting him know John Voorhees." Mr. Voorhees is Camp Secretary and is a Congregational pastor from Kansas.

GEO. H. DEKAY.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco the Rev. George H. DeKay will speak concerning the Y. M. C. A. and other religious work in the camps along the Coast and in the South—in Texas, and at New Orleans. Mr. DeKay made a visit recently to various cantonments and no doubt has a fund of experiences and information to present next Monday.

Professor Buckham of the Pacific School of Religion is giving a series of lectures on "The Progress of Theology in America." They are given in the chapel of the school each Friday at 3 o'clock, beginning this week. Topics: "The New England Theology," Jonathan Edwards; "The Rise of the New Theology," Theodore T. Munger; "The Christocentric Theology," George A. Gordon; "The Social Theology," Washington Gladden. Persons desiring to attend will be welcome.

The Rev. Roy H. Campbell has written for some extra copies of The Pacific for January 17, saying: "I want to use the articles, "The Call is for the Church to Arise and Follow the Dawn"; and "A Colonel Whom an Army Chaplain Thinks Jesus Christ is Like." It is throughout a particularly strong number and I can use it to advantage." Another reader has sent for a few copies of the issue for January 10, remarking: "I wish I could buy and distribute hundreds of them."

This good news comes from Olivet Church, Oakland, where Mr. F. W. Morrison began work the first of the year: "Olivet is growing. If the morning service attendance continues to increase for two more Sundays as it has the last three we shall pass the hundred mark in attendance. We had at the beginning of the year 37 active members on the church roll. Five were received into membership January 6th. Nothing short of a 100 per cent increase in membership should satisfy us this year. . . . More than twenty-five of our church family accepted the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Morrison to call upon them Tuesday evening of last week. It was a delightful evening for all. It is a fine thing for us to get well acquainted and have the friendly spirit."

Last week The Pacific announced the call of the Rev. Isaac Cookman from San Diego to Sonoma. Mr. Cookman was in Sonoma at that time. The local paper for January 17th says: "Mr. Cookman left for his home in San Diego Monday morning, and will begin at once preparations to move with his family to Sonoma, expecting to arrive here before the end of the month. He has been in Sonoma for four weeks and during this time has made a fine impression and a strong appeal to the members and friends of the church as a thoroughly consecrated Christian man, possessing the quality of leadership and the experience in Christian work, which will qualify him to lead the people of the Sonoma church. The church is to be congratulated upon its good fortune in securing as its leader the services of a man possessing the ability, experience and qualifications of the Rev. Cookman, and it is believed that under his leadership and guidance, a new era of prosperity and progress for the church, is at hand.

It was a treat to the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity to hear Professor C. A. Kofoid of the University of California speak at their Monday meeting this week on biological matters. Professor Kofoid was asked to speak in part with reference to certain positions taken in a recent book by Prof. Morgan of Columbia University as to the transmission of acquired qualities. The book had been reviewed a few weeks ago by the Rev. John Brereton. We hope to be able to get later for The Pacific a summary of Professor Kofoid's address, and will not spoil it by any attempted report. It may be of interest to readers of The Pacific to know that Professor Kofoid is the head of the department with which he is connected in the University of California, and is a member of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley. A graduate of Oberlin College in the class of which Dr. Van Horn of First Church, Oakland, was a member, the latter prefaced the address with a few pleasant words which linked present with past and traced in brief his classmates rapid advancement from college life and work to the honorable and influential position which he occupies today.

THE MAN WHO DARED.

He dared because he believed. He really thought, if a man had "mustard seed" faith, he could remove mountain difficulties. He fairly took people's breath away by his comprehensive plans.

He wanted to see things brought to pass commensurate with the bigness of the kingdom—his busines.

He was tired of apologies, excuses, the it-can't-be-done attitude, the picayune finance. He wanted to take risks, to venture. It was necessary to count the cost, to be sure, but that he was doing.

He felt that only by the appeal to the heroic could many of our youth be led to "follow in His train."

He had a splendid audacity of faith. He had staked all, because he had a vision of One who risked all before him.

Where does this man who dared live?

Dr. Kloss, acting, pastor of Plymouth Church, Oakland, says in the place where we found the foregoing: "Let us hope that he belongs to Plymouth."

SANTA CRUZ.

The annual meeting of the First Congregational Church of Santa Cruz was held on Monday evening, January 14.

The report of the treasurer showed that $10,796.10 had been received and disbursed for various purposes. The expenditures for all home expenses were $5,006.73. The

benevolences amounted to $5,789.35. The total amount given to the various Congregational missionary societies was $1,028.10. To objects other than Congregational given by the members of the congregation—Y. M. C. A. war work, $2488; Red Cross, $911.50;Armenian and Syrian relief, $62; Guinda Indian School, $125; Anti-Saloon League, $82; Dry Federation, $28; local charities, $33.25. Additions, by letter, 12; reinstated, 2; confession, 24; total, 38; baptisms, infants 4, adults, 12. There were eight deaths during the year.

On the honor roll of members of the church, Sunday school and congregation who are enlisted are 38.

REDWOOD CITY.

The annual business meeting of the Congregational church was held Thursday night, January 17, in the church parlors. One hundred and four members were present and partook of a most bounteous dinner after which the reports of the different officers were rendered and officers were elected for the coming year.

Miss Clara M. Shelley read the minutes of the last meeting. As the year completed the twenty-fifth year of Miss Shelley's service as church clerk she was presented with a tray containing twenty-five new silver dollars. The presentation speech was made in behalf of the church and its officers by Mr. Roy W. Cloud. Miss Shelley responded feelingly and said that while her years of service had been happy years she regretted that she would not be able to assume the responsibility of clerk for another term.

The treasurer's report showed all bills paid and $24 on rand, with all apportionment met and $54 over; 33 were received into the church, and after revision of the roll a net gain of 9 for the year was found.

The superintendent of Sunday-school reported an average of 123 and $6.55 average collection. The church will be somewhat remodeled to entertain the soldiers, a reading and game room will be opened for use of men in uniform.

On account of advanced prices in material and labor the church voted to postpone building for the present.

C. H. STEVENS.

PASADENA NOTES.

Lake Avenue Church has enjoyed for three Sundays the services of Rev. A. E. Shattuck of Kokomo, Ind., large congregations being attracted by his eloquent and spiritual sermons. At a meeting on January 16, crowded to the doors, the people voted a unanimous call.

Rev. George M. Morrison is meeting with gratifying success in his work at Ramona, and will receive eight adults to membership at the January communion.

Rev. Dr. Shipman, of Pilgrim Church, in the Northern section of Pasadena, recently instituted evening preaching services and frequently 100 extra chairs are needed . He also organized a children's church. The Pilgrims are looking forward for a most prosperous year. Encouraging reports of the progress of the work in various departments were given at the annual meeting. There was a large attendance of members at the annual gathering, which was preceded by a dinner and attended by a large number of the church members. Reports for the activities of the past year were given by the board of turstees, deacons, Sunday-school superintendent, Woman's society, Christian Endeavor and Men's clubs. All of the reports indicate a steady growth. The church now has a membership of 167, with a junior church of forty-five members and a live Christian Endeavor Society.

FIRST CHURCH, PASADENA.

The dinner and annual meeting proved one of the most enjoyable and enthusiastic gatherings of its kind held during the thirty-two years of the church's history. About 450 people were present, partaking of a bountiful dinner and joining in the business session which followed.

The pastor, Dr. D. F. Fox, gave a strong, helpful address, outlining a program of increased usefulness for the church during 1918. In all the reports there was sounded a keynote of victory for accomplishments of the past year and optimism for the new year, despite clouded world conditions and consequent local complications.

The annual report of the clerk showed that the church has had a healthy growth during the past year, 50 being added by letter and 25 by confession of faith. There were eighteen baptisms. Eleven members died, making the present membership 806.

Dr. Fox was asked to publish at least once a month a sermon in pamphlet form for distribution to the soldiers and others of the friends of the church.

FIRST CHURCH, TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

At the annual meeting the salary of the pastor, Dr. Frank Dyer, was increased $500 as a token of appreciation for services to his church and the whole community. The presence of 40,000 men at Camp Lewis has changed the face of church life very markedly. A large number of officers and men attend, and all who accept are taken home to dinner. A mixer with evening tea is held at 5 o'clock, characterized by the open fire and friendly talks. The soldiers greatly enjoy it.

The Tacoma Public Forum, now in its second season, has entirely solved the problem of the evening service. Seven times during the last three months the overflow has been turned away. The climax was reached the last night of the old year, when 2200 people were cared for in two audiences, one in the lecture room below; and still hundreds were turned away. $20,000 has been pledged for a Community House.

THE PASSING OF AN OREGON PIONEER WOMAN.

The Pacific has had no mention of the death of Mrs. Joseph Walker Marsh of Forest Grove, Oregon, although she passed into the other life in November of last year.

Mrs. Marsh was the widow of the late Joseph Walker Marsh, who was for forty years professor of Greek and Latin, and for eight year professor emeritus, in Pacific University. The University Bulletin for December says: "Mrs. Marsh came to Forest Grove with her husband in 1867, and since that time had been a resident of this city. Quiet and unassuming in manner, living most of these years a retired life, she was yet a woman of rare intelligence and strength of character and her value as a friend and neighbor was highly appreciated by those who had the privilege of knowing her. She always showed a deep interest in her husband's work as a teacher in Pacific University and even after his death manifested her interest in the University in a substantial way. We are glad to remember her as one of our best friends. "

MID-SUMMER MOUNT HERMON FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

Winter might seem a strange time to be sending out notice of summer meetings, especially in these days of uncertainty as to what is coming on the earth. Nevertheless, it is necessary, in order to insure having our good Eastern leader, that arrangements be made months beforehand.

So December 3, at the executive meeting of the interdenominational committee of Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions, presided over by our good chairman, Mrs. O. W. Lucas of Berkeley, the press secretary was requested to furnish notics to the papers that the Federate School of Missions will convene at Mount Hermon July 6-13. Our talented text-book teacher, Mrs. Hallie Linn Hill of New York City, who has so interested and instructed us heretofore, will conduct our text-book classes. We are aiming at over 200 registrations next July, at a dollar apiece for the week. Let all Congregationalists keep the Federate School of Missions in mind. Rmember the dates, July 6-13. For some years we have had seven denominations affiliated in our Federate School of Missions, but now we have eight the Methodists South having recently joined us. They, with the Baptists, Christians, Congregationalists, English Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, and United Presbyterians make a good company.

MARY E. BAMFORD,
Press Sec. Fed. School.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA AND THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

There promises to be an unusually good program at this missionary meeting, which is not limited to women, by any means; the afternoon and evening sessions being especially arranged to give the men of our churchs opportunity to share in the good things.

Alameda, First, is the entertaining church. Mrs. T. C. Edwards, now a member there but formerly of Pacific Grove and Oakland, will lead the devotions at the opening session at 2:30 p. m. Reports will follow including one by Miss Henrietta F. Brewer, Branch Secretary of the W. B. M. P., who will tell us of the Jubilee Meetings of the Woman's Board in Boston, which it was her privilege to attend. Other speakers in the afternoon will be Rev. Mr. Danner, representing the Interdenominational Leper Society. He will tell of his recent world tour of supervision of this work. Rev. C. S. Price of Calvary Church will also tell us of his former work in Alaska.

Supper at 6 p. m. will be served by the ladies of the Alameda church and a time of goodfellowship is promised. It is still possible to have good cheer even though we patriotically Hooverize on the menu. During this hour Miss Julia Frazer will speak on Mt. Hermon and its advantages for missionary training.

The evening service no one can afford to miss. Dr. R. C. Brooks will have just returned from the Conference of Congregational Secretaries held in St. Louis, the working committee of the National Council, where such important questions as the Apportionment, the Plan of Benevolence, Missionary Education, Stewardship Campaign, Memorial Fund and War Work will be reduced to working terms. These Dr. Brooks will outline to us and no pastor or missionary worker can afford to be without this knowledge.

It is an especial privilege to announce as the final speaker, Mrs. Ida Vose Woodberry, National Field Secretary for the Congregational American Missionary Association. A woman of wide experience and attractive personality, her fame as a speaker, has gone far and wide, and she is eagerly sought for on programs. Northern California is fortunate to have her for this meeting.

Thursday, February 7th, 1918, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Supper at 6 p. m.

From Oakland take the Santa Clara car at 14th and Washington. Get off at Chestnut street, Alameda, and walk one block toward the bay

From San Francisco, take the Alameda Ferry on the quarter hours, board the Encinal train and get off at Chestnut station, and walk two blocks away from the bay.

W. B. M. P.

At the regular prayer-meeting at Headquarters last Wednesday, Mrs. E. V. Krick led the devotions, taking as the thought for the hour, extracts from "The Challenge of the Present Crisis" by Harry Emerson Fosdick.

The chapter on "The Limitations of Force" was reviewed, attention being called to some of the things force cannot do. The author speaks of war as a surgical operation. As such it can halt some external work of evil, but its work is negative; the agencies which must be employed to build up positive health again are good-will, friendship and co-operation. "The knife of the surgeon is cutting in, —can we supply the constructive forces of social health to make the operation worth while?"

Another phase of the topic on which especial emphasis was laid was, "hate thrives in war-time like germs in a congenial medium." It was made clear that while we can and must hate the evil, we must not allow ourselves to hate our enemies, in fact, we must pray that we may love our enemies. "For our own sakes and for the world's sake, though we fight we must not hate. We are Christians.

Remember the Quarterly Meeting of the Branch and Union. Notice of the date, location and program will be found elsewhere in this issue.

A LETTER FROM MISS BERTHA ALLEN.

Miss Bertha Allen the Board's representative at the Foochon Union Kindergarten Training School, stated in one of her letters that the Chinese did not seem like "Chinese" to her but just "people." By the intimate glimpses of their lives and characteristics which Miss Allen gives us in her letters, we at home are having cultivated this same feeling toward our neighbors across the ocean. The letter which follows brings home the fact that girls are "girls" the world over.

Kuliang, among the clouds above Foochow.
Dear Friends All:

As I sit here on the rock-railed porch, I can just catch a glimpse of the Min River near Pagoda Anchorage through a dip in the hills. The little pines are gently nodding, the cicadas are gaily vibrating and I can hear some Chinese children playing down in the little grey-roofed village below me. All is calm and restful.

Schools have begun down in the valley, but as I am still a leisurely language student and nobody needs me, I am enjoying Kuliang until the first of October with Mrs. Newell and dear little Dwight and Marion Jean.

All summer I looked forward to the Y. W. C. A. Summer Conference which was held last week at Ponasang. I wish you all could have had the privilege of being with those eighty fine Chinese girls, delegates from about ten girl's schools from different parts of Fukien Province. Two girls came all the way from Shaowu, having a two-week's boat trip up the river to get home again.

When, six years ago, I had the pleasure of attending the Y. W. C. A. Confertnce at Hacienda, California, I little dreamed that I should ever be among a leader's group for a conference in China! And even if I couldn't understand all that was said and had to use an interpreter when

I tried to tell the girls about "Rainbow clubs," I could feel the same enthusiastic Christian spirit out here as at Hacienda.

With Miss Boutelle, a Y. W. secretary from Canton who was our conference executive, Miss Harshaw and Miss Steinbeck, our two beloved Foochow secretaries, and two Shanghai secretaries to give advice, the plans for the conference went merrily on all summer up here at Kuliang. Three of us took a steamer rug out under some pines one day and worked out an outline for a pageant for the girls to give instead of a "Stunt Day."

On September tenth we "processed" down the narrow mountain trail in our sedan chairs and gathered at Ponasang to be ready to welcome the girls. The Panasang compound has three buildings within its walls, with grass, trees, a tennis court and stone walks. We ten "foreigners" were scattered among the buildings and I had a bed out on the upstairs porch, my own little white bed which had come from Boston ten months ago and had just been uncrated!

The girls arrived in groups, preceeded by a load-carrier with their bedding and box or bamboo basket. The Ponasang girls acted as hostesses, guiding the delegates to the registration office where each was decorated with a red card bearing her name and school, then showing them to their rooms. Great tact had to be used in assigning the rooms, for small groups did not want to be separated and many of the girls are not happy unless two of them can share the same framed-matting bed. But that night, after the jolly evening of matching parts of Chinese characters and hearing about the good things ahead of them, the girls went happily off to their rooms as though they had known each other a long time.

The hours were arranged much as they are at home except that the girls ate in their own dining room. I went down and ate with them one meal, using chopsticks and having my bowl of rice and dish of greens and fried clams. The girls are all so responsive and ready to help. Some of the Chinese conference leaders ate with them each meal, and how I envied them their ability to talk with the girls and their opportunity to help the girls in their problems!

We gathered a group of older girls and gave them a bare outline of the pageant as we had suggested it. Each of these girls took charge of a scene, choosing others to help and working it out in their own way. I wish you could have seen the result! I have never seen people who could think up such natural conversation on the moment, filling in every pause as though they had practiced it a dozen times instead of barely once.

We gave the pageant under a tree on the lawn, the audience being outdoors, too. First the Spirit of the Association, a beautiful Chinese girl dressed in flowing white and gold, stepped out and told of the gifts she desired to share with other girls. Next a group of girls came out and crowded together over their sewing, talking of their work. One girl found a paper with printed characters on it which was passed all around the circle, each one bemoaning the fact that she could not read what it said. One girl told of a girl she knew who went to school and they all wished they might have an education, too. Just here the Spirit of the Association entered and led away the most unpromising girl, telling her that she had a gift for her. This girl was the girl throughout the pageant, representing girls in general.

Because of a superabundance of girls with the surname "Ding," the wrong one was asked to be The Girl. On Saturday we all realized that she was not entering into it in the right spirit, but we felt that the part could not be changed without hurting her feelings. All day Sunday two of us prayed for this one girl that she might feel the deeper meaning of the message the pageant was trying to give. Sunday night at the outdoor vesper service she showed by her testimony that the conference was meaning a great deal to her. Monday afternoon, when the pageant was over, we all said that her part as The Girl could not have been improved upon, that the success of the pageant had largely been because of the spirit which she had shown.

The second scene showed a busy school room to which the Spirit of the Association brought The Girl, presenting her with a book as a symbol of intellectual gifts. The dramatic ability of the girls was most interesting as they went to the blackboard to do examples, or carefully measured the height with their pencils of a vase they were drawing.

The next act showed the physical side, the first scene giving a glimpse of the girls "glued" to their books, all bent over and complaining of headache and weariness, while one girl went to a tree branch and pretended to pull down an imaginary window because she felt a draught! The Spirit of the Association entered and led away The Girl, telling her that God did not want us to neglect our bodies.

As soon as these students had removed their chairs, a fine group marched out and went through a pretty drill, beginning with the formation of the letttes "Y. W. C. A." This was all the idea of the girls and I don't believe any group of American girls could have gone through a drill so perfectly with as few practices as these girls had. The Girl was brought in and at the end of the drill, when the teacher sent the girls out to play tennis, she was given a tennis racket. From her enthusiastic expression you would never have recognized her as the same girl who had bent over her sewing in the first scene.

Next came the social group with their Chinese tea tables, as a symbol of briendship, and led her into the circle. The Girl was timidly sitting outside the group until the Spirit of the Association came to her, presented her with a flower as a symbol of friendships, and led her into the circle. The girls all gladly welcomed her and, putting their arms around each others shoulders, sang a school song as they tripped off.

Some girls with their Bibles next came out and arranged their chairs for a Bible class. The teacher arrived and they all politely stood up. Then followed an earnest Bible lesson with questions and discussions. Into this class The Girl was brought. Her face fairly shone when she, too, was given a Bible. By this time she had fixed her hair like the other girls and wore a neat, clean coat. The Spirit of the Association then asked the whole class to rise and commissioned them to go out and share with others the happiness which they had found.

The last scene was beautiful. In the center under the tree stood the Spirit of the Association on a raised platfor, holding up a white cross. By her side stood The Girl holding her four gifts. On each side stood five girls in white with long paper trumpets, and in front knelt all the other girls who had been in the pageant, facing the cross. The whole audience stood and joined in singing "Publish Glad Tidings," in Chinese. Every time they came to the chorus, the trumpets were lifted high and the girls who were kneeling would raise their arms toward the Spirit of the Association. It was a sight long to remember.

Tuesday afternoon we had an outdoor concert. Among the good things was the blind school band. Twelve boys came in sedan chairs from the other side of the city, bringing their instruments. It is wonderful to watch their pleasure in their playing, and I have not heard any band which even approaches theirs for harmony, since I have been in China. Their closing number was "America" and it was most inspiring to me to realize that every nationality present could sing their own national song, in their own words to this one tune, English, Chinese and Americans!

And we all stood and blended the three languages as the blind boys played.

There was one attraction which I don't believe any other Y. W. C. A. summer conference has ever boasted. We could have gotten along without it, but as it was "mo huak" (there was no help for it) we accepted it. Saturday afternoon right outside our compound wall, we looked down upon the preparations for a Chinese theatre. As we were on a hill, we could look directly out onto this great open space where the stage was being erected. At dusk the crowds began to gather, called by the theatre "orchestra" which sounded like a pandemonium of dishpans, bagpipes, egg-beaters and gavels. After getting a glimpse of some gaily dressed historical character madly prancing about the raised stage, keeping time to the "music," we all went to bed. But I marvel at the endurance of those actors and that great standing crowd just over the wall, for the performance kept up steadily until six o'clock Sunday morning!

One afternoon part of the girls walked out to the fine new Y. M. C. A. building, where they were royally entertained by the swimming "stunts" and were treated to tea and cakes. Another afternoon we had games and funny contests, to the great delight of everybody. Again we went to a nearby park where an interesting municipal exposition was being held. Here we saw in miniature the process of salt refining, the raising of rice, all stages of silk worm culture, and many other interesting things. All together the week was one which must have given the girls a new vision and I am sure it was an inspiration to me.

After this touch with such fine Chinese girls I am more than ever in a hurry for next February to come so we can gather our own little group of "to be trained" kindergargather our own little group of "to be trained" kindergartners" and start the work which I came out for.

Happily yours,

BERTHA H. ALLEN.

The Home.

THE OTHER HUNGER.

I want to say a few things about the treatment of the shy and sensitive child, at the risk of being misread by the mother of the child who is not sensitive. The latter child I do not particularly understand, and agree that he needs and can stand more rigorous ways; so in all I say please remember that I speak in behalf of one class of children only.

In the affairs of little boys and girls do not feel too wise to be guided in part by them. Too often we strain to lift their interests to our older level.

It is so easy to misunderstand certain children that it occasionally happens that for weeks we carry a mistaken impression as to their actions. What looks like sulkiness we find later was a careful covering away of childish grief. Then some children really hunger for signs of affection, and to gain the kiss or the brief caress make most clumsy and misleading attempts. Your little girl, when she speaks of her headache, as a matter of fact doesn't at all mind the physical ill. Her sole motive in referring to it is to win the gentle "I'm sorry, dear!" and the sympathetic touch of your hand. The child cannot keep saying, "Love me! love me!" but that is her unspoken cry. Except that she is shy and the new puppy of Uncle Jack's is quite the reverse, she reminds me, in her blundering affectionateness, of that aggravating and adorable animal. There is no mistaking what he wants. But of her you say: "How given to moping and self-pity Nancy is getting to be! She made quite a fuss yesterday over a sore throat that amounted to nothing at all." The makeup of some children, to keep them in right and happy condition, demands signs of love exactly as much as your choreman needs bread and meat. Of course complaining is a lamentable habit. Well, then, forestall the fixing of such a tiresome habit by taking pains to show your affection warmly and openly.

I knew two little girl friends who were devoted to paper dolls, and one special winter all their pocket money went to buy them. Mary always brought home charming paper dolls, while it was noticed that Janie's were a "sight to behold." "Do you buy them at the same shop?" some one asked. "No, she will go to that little shop at the corner," said Mary. "Why is that?" asked Janie's mother. At first Janie hung her head and wouldn't tell, but then she said, "Because the woman in there says, 'Why, here's my little lassie again!' "

We are so careful to see that the food for little boys and girls shall be suited to their age. We banish pickles and strong sauces from their table. But we are sadly careless as to remarks or ways of talking which make for our little folks the sauces of speech to be tabooed. How stupid we are in this matter! Fortunately the children are not equally stupid. A sure instinct tells them when to take warning and scurry away if Aunt Eleanor scolds or Miss Adams lectures.

But am I never to find fault?" asks Miss Adams, with an air of consternation. Almost never, I should say. Find all the things that are lovely and of good report. Think on these things,—then the less desirable ones will after a reasonable while quite naturally disappear from their ken. Instead of saying, "Betty, you naughty little girl, you are not to go out without rubbers!" say "Mother knows you are going to be her darling, and remember next time to wear your rubbers." Betty will appreciate your confidence in her. At least I have many times found it so, even with children with unenviable reputation.

The shy child wants to get nearer to you, only he cannot see how. Do you help him! because that bridge between you looks interminable to him. One has to run quickly more than half-way to meet him, never minding a stumble or two. One of the surest ways to effect this getting together is by making, with the little one's help, something he or she is particularly interested in,—a boat, a kite, or a new frock for the beloved doll.

When a little girl has been only a few years in this world she is in still to unformed and sensitive a state to find a scolding any thing but quite horrible. Her mind and soul reject it, just as her stomach refuses strongly seasoned food. You call her obstinate; but she is not obstinate, at least in a great many cases she is not obstinate. She is rather stunned and bewildered,—unable to pick herself up and get her mental footing, and to walk off directly as you expect along the path you glibly indicate.

When we speak sternly, or even coldly, to a very young child, such an ill-judged touch of frost acts like a blight, withering what could have have come up and grown for good in the tender mind. Very young children shrink from formality, however slightly expressed. They like much better daisies and buttercups, grouped as if they, like their little human playfellows, had merely come out to nod and dance in the meadow breeze, than they do any carefully tended flower-bed.

Have you noticed the look of woe in your little boy's face as he is reluctantly dragged into the parlor to be introduced to Miss Geraldine Eliot? That lady takes no pains to alter her greeting form suited to older acquaintances. Jimmy's big sister can front that too-familiar smile, and the cut-and-dried "How-do-you-do?" but they are quite meaningless to one to whom words are as yet

beautifully new discovered treasures, to be taken, oh, so carefully! So we must say to him just what we do to every other little boy. Approach him so gently he can scarcely shrink; and if when next you call you would share in that delight of finding in the child's face a dawning look of welcome quite your own, make no personal remarks. Give all your spoken admirations to that hopelessly shabby wooden horse he holds so tightly. It is keen pain to small Dorothea to be told emphatically that she is the very image of Aunt Emily. Some years later she will realize that Aunt Emily is a recognized beauty, but at this stage she deems her a fright. Aunt Susie, on the other hand,—and nobody would be more astonished to know it than that agreeable plain-faced lady,—is wholly lovely in Dorothea's eyes, in spite of thin hair, eyes of no particular hue, and too large a month.

Shy children hide their feelings so carefully that often the only way one has of knowing the real state of their mind is by studying in their faces those swiftly changing expressions that are lost almost as soon as they appear; that just because these moods of the child are so little to be foretold, it seems impossible, if we would get the best results to arrange beforehand the day's or hour's programme in any little child's club or class. In a story-hour for a few little girls the reader lately planned to take a list of their names. For this purpose she had put in her bag a new little note-book, and as soon as they got together drew it forth prepared to be very business-like. In front of her sat the cluster of children (a pretty picture in their fresh blue-checked or white pinafores, smoothly brushed hair, and every little girl holding her doll), but she suddenly caught on the face of one child an expression that made her hesitate. It was a look of pain and disappointment, and what it clearly said was: "Oh, don't! It was to be just our nice stories, and now you're going to turn it into an awful Grown-up Club!" So the pencil and the officious little note-book were slipped back into her bag, to be used by and by at home, and the small girl encouraged to draw near enough to see all the charms of Marietta in the story being read.

I know I used to make the mistake of invariably choosing the merry book for the merry child, and the serious one for the more sober boy or girl. That isn't what they themselves like best. Quiet Marjorie needs to have her thoughts set a-dancing by some gay little tale, and nobody realizes this better than she does. She quite revels in the sound of her own infrequent laughter. And Dick—jolly Dick—after hours of boisterous play, his mind would walk soberly, following the course of some story opening to cool and quieting vistas. Such a book is "Twilight Thoughts," published by Ginn & Co., or for a very little boy, "The Doers," by J. W. Hopkins.

One child is particularly sensitive to color. A rose-sprigged wall-paper in this child's bedroom will mean a great deal to her. Another is very keen as to sounds. He notices the grown-ups' voices and judges them accordingly.

There is to me something cowardly in the extreme in assailing one of these small creatures from our level, using our own big weapons of practised speech instead of theirs, and so completely getting the advantage of them. Having relieved our own unpleasant mood through lecturing the little one, we say to ourselves, "Well, there's one good thing accomplished!" We are blind to the havoc we have wrought.

In realty we have about us—quite unsuspected—a keen set of small critics. Let us strive to win their honest commendation, and to be worthy of their sweet affection.—Caroline Stetson Allen in Christian Register.

For The Children.

WHEN TOMMY TOAD BLOSSOMED.

Tommy Toad awoke one bright morning. He yawned. He blinked his beautiful eyes. He stretched first one leg and then the other. No, not the other, but another and another and another!

"Where am I?" asked Tommy, of himself. "Hmmmmm—why-eeeee! I'm in my house, of course. I remember, now. The flies and the bugs and the worms all went away, and I had a dreadfully hollow feeling. But soon I became so cold that all I could think about was getting warm. So I came into my house—way, way in, and then I grew so sleepy that I forgot all about being hungry or cold; and that's the last I remember."

Tommy yawned and blinked and stretched some more. Suddenly he stopped, and stuck up his funny nose.

"What's that I smell?" asked he, of himself." "Hmmmmm—why-eeeee! It's spring! Nothing else in the world smells like spring. How long I must have slept! Now I must make up for lost time."

He started to climb out—stiffly and slowly. Suddenly he stood still, and tipped his head to one side.

"What's that I hear? Why-eee! It's old Mrs. Robin! I remember that funny little crack in her top note. Now I hear old Pa Robin, too. I must have overslept dreadfully! Now if it had been Billy Bluebird, it mightn't be so bad. But those old Robins! I must hurry!"

Up and up he climbed, growing sprier and sprier at every step. Soon he stood on his own graystone doorstep, puffing and blinking. Oh, but the sky was blue, and the sun was bright! Close by his doorstep some crocuses lifted up their shining heads. A little farther away the daffy-down-dilly family were just beginning to bring out their precious stores of gold. Daddy Robin and Mother Robin were bustling about, looking at the remains of their last year's nest, and deciding not to use it, but to work hard and have a beautiful, brand-new one. They looked very gay and bright themselves—perfectly spick-and-span. Everything around sparkled, or shone, or looked fresh and clean.

Tommy Toad looked down at his coat-sleeves. They were positively shabby! He looked down at his shirt-front. Dingy—so dingy! He craned his neck, so as to peek over his shoulder at his coat.

"Disgraceful!" cried Tommy Toad. "And it feels uncomfortable, too,—stiff and queerish. Hmmmmm—let me see. Did I feel like this last spring? Hmmmmm—yes, I did. I'm sure I did! What did I do? Hmmmmm—oh, I remember now! Of course! Here goes!"

Then Tommy Toad began to wiggle, and wriggle, and stretch, and twist, and in a few minutes what do you think happened? Why, that rusty coat split—a little bit, then a lot, then from one end to the other. Then it began to peel off! Tommy Toad tugged at it with his stout little hands,—oh, how he tugged,—and soon he pulled it right off over his head! Then what do you suppose he did with it? Well, perhaps he thought it would never do to leave such a dusty, rusty-looking thing around, where everything was so fresh and bright, so he ate it all up! Yes, he did, and under it what do you suppose there was? Why, a lovely new suit, and it fitted beautifully. It was just as bright and fresh as the crocuses, and the daffy-down-dillys, and Daddy and Mother Robin!

"Just like last spring!" chuckled Tommy Toad!

Just then his little friend Elizabeth came running out to the garden. He was swallowing the last bit. He got it

down, with a funny gulp, and sat staring at her with very bright, new-looking eyes!

Elizabeth hopped right up and down.

"O mother!" she called. "Come—come quick! Tommy Toad is blossoming!"—Minnie L. Upton.

THE WHISPERING FOOTPRINTS.

"Eddy, O Eddy! Where are you?"

"Here, mother," came a shrill little voice from the back yard.

"Come here, Eddy. I want you to do something for me."

Then the back door opened, and Mrs. Taylor heard the soft thud of bare feet along the passage. But when Eddy entered the sitting-room and stood by his mother's sewing-table, she only said, "Why, Eddy, what's the matter?"

Now, there were no cuts or bumps or bruises about the little boy. Why should the mother think anything was the matter? Because his brown eyes, which generally looked right up at you, like two little birds flying out of a cage, now had an uneasy look; neither here nor there, but away.

"Nothing's the matter," said Eddy, looking out of the window. "What did you call me for, mother?"

She had wanted him to run down to the village post-office to mail a letter, but the letter was forgotten now. Mother was silent for a few minutes; then, seeing something between her table and the door, she spoke. "I am sorry my little boy has disobeyed me about going to the apple bin without leave." Eddy gave a little start. :"The reason God put me here as your mother, Eddy, is because he thinks I know better what you ought to do and ought not to do than you do yourself."

Eddy did not answer. He was asking himself how mother knew everything a fellow did.

"I am especially sorry that you should disobey me by sneaking through the coal-room window," said Mrs. Taylor. "I would much rather have you say, 'I won't mind you,' and go in before my eyes than go in by telling a lie."

"Why, mother, I didn't say"—began Eddy, glad of a chance to defend himself.

"Do you think you talk only with your lips?" interrupted his mother. "What do you suppose has whispered to me that you have been in the apple cellar and that you went through the coal-room?"

"I can't imagine," said Eddy, honestly.

"Look behind you."

The little boy turned, and there between him and the door were five coal-dusty foot-prints on the white matting.

Mother could not help smiling at the look of surprise and dismay on the little face, but it was a rather mournful smile. "Do you think we can ever do wrong, Eddy, and not leave marks of it somewhere?" she asked. "And, oh, my little boy, the marks that sin leaves are on your heart, which ought to be clean and white for God's eyes, instead of being all tracked over by wrong-doing."

"Won't they come out?" asked Eddy. He meant the footprints on the matting. But his mother was thinking about those other marks when she said: "You must ask God to forgive you, Eddy, and to take away your guilt and make you hate sin, which leaves such ugly footprints on your life."

And then for a punishment and for a reminder mother kept the footprints on the sitting-room floor that whole day, so that Eddy might see them and remember how every wrong deed left dark stains in his little heart.

You will have more friends if you will bury your troubles in your own graveyard.

Day will return with a fresher boon;
God will remember the world!
Night will come with newer moon;
God will remember the world!

—J. G. Holland.

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